

## WITH THE STORY TELLERS

Although outside the night was still,  
As you surveyed the gloom;  
Inside it seemed a hurricane  
Was blowing through the room.  
But nothing could they plainly see  
Of what was taking place;  
For in their terror they had pulled  
The bedclothes o'er their face.  
At last arose old Andy Bray,  
The dolt a word he couldn't say;  
He was so overcome with fright,  
At what he saw and heard that night.

But even when the rumpus  
Had reached its very height;  
Though angry elves had spoken,  
Not a single dish was broken,  
But the keyhole bore a token  
Of their sudden, hasty flight.

But now for the ghost story  
That I have promised you;  
It happened many a year ago,  
And people say 'tis true.

## The Three Ghosts

Some time ago near Cullen Hill,  
The little hut was standing still,  
That sheltered Jack Mulloy;  
Between the village and Longstone,  
A spot that looked so weird and lone  
To man's estate in time had grown  
This lonely orphan boy.